THE CLUB ALL IN A TANGLE

PECCEPTER OF SOME WOMEN WITH QUESTIONS OF GRAMMAR. Problems of Nouse and Verbs and Pro-

noune That Passied the Grammer Club and Wouldn't Stay Settled-A Wearying Session for the Teacher of the Club. "Nancy," said Mrs. Van Klevver, "I've a

solemn question to speir at ye.' Well ?" said Miss De Korus.

"Are you ready for the question?" demanded Mrs. Van Klevver in an official tone. "You know that's the way I used to talk when I was President of the Tuesday Club for Parliamentary Practice. My. my! what a lot I have learned since then! Well—the meeting will please come to order. Are you ready for the 'I seem to be readier to hear it than you are

to ask it," remarked Miss De Korus.
"I'm afraid," said Mrs. Van Klevves, shaking

her head, "that the Grammar Club would call you down on that word 'readier.' I think they would prefer 'more ready.' I mean I'm afraid It would prefer it."

'It would prefer it? What are you talking

Why, I'm talking about the Grammar Club. First, however, let me call your attention to your last sentence. You should have said: About what are you talking?' As a distinguished authority once said: 'A preposition is a poor word to end a sentence with."
"But," began Miss De Korns began Miss De Korus, eagerly, "he

anded his own sentence with a-'Nancy! Nancy!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Klevver. "Of course he did! That's where ordinary people like you and I-I mean you and mehave our laugh. Now let me ask my question. Would you say 'The jury has rendered its de-'The jury have rendered their de-

"Why-I-I---" That's right! Take time to think it over. Some of the women at the Grammar Club yes-terday didn't take time to think and they were orry afterward. Not that it made much difference, as far as I could judge, for most of the women who did think it over said the same thing as those who didn't."

"Why, I suppose," said Miss DeKorus thoughtfully, "that you would say 'have rendered their decision.' There are twelve men in the jury, and you know the verb has to agree with its subject well, it has to agree with it, you know."
"Very weak! very weak!" sighed Mrs. Van

Klevver. "This poor young person not only decides the wrong way, but she hasn't any excuse to offer for doing it. Never mind, Nancy, the Grammar Club were, I mean was, just like you. They, I mean it, had a lively session yes terday, almost as lively as the Parlie Pracks used to enjoy under my presiding." "Do you mean that they study old-fashioned

grammar, such as we had at school?"
"Well, it's a little different. They don't begin with 'a-noun s-the-name-of-a-verb.' They go in for the finer points."

Mrs. Van Kievver paused to reflect and laugh. "As the member who sat next to me said: 'Between you and I this oughtn't to have never been called a Grammar Club. We only give our attention to the subbtilities of language." Even Miss De Korns laughed at this.

Klevver-"a woman who is supposed to be an authority and who settles all disputed points,

Klever—"a woman who is supposed to be an authority and who settles all disputed points. That is, she tries to settle them, but, dear me! she has a harder time than I used to with that irrepressible Mrs. Pigg."

"Hegg. Katharine!"

"Oh, yes, Hegg. Well, you ought to have been there yesterday. It was like a regular class. The teacher called on each one in turn, and if you wanted to speak out of your turn you had to raise your hand for permission. At any rate, that was the way the rules are but the practice was somewhat different. That question about the jury was the first one the teacher asked. She gave it to a tall, irrelevant-looking woman who sat at the end of the first ince. There were only fifteen in the class."

"Why do you call the woman irrelevant-looking?" asked Miss DeKorus with curiosity.

"Oh, because she didn't seem to go together. She was one of those people that seem to be made up of leavings. She had her share of varewdness, though, for after she had thought the matter over a while, she said she supposed; of ourse, she would have been sure to say 'the jury have rendered their decision,' and she supposed, of course, she would he wrong. When she said 'the jury has,' there was a murnaur of dissent. A pert young woman in the second row put up her hand and snapped her fluers until the teacher turned to her and said:

"Yell, Miss Know-it-all?"

"It can't be "the jury have," said the pert young lady with a toss of her head, because, as you will all remember, a verb must agree with it-subject in person, number, and case."

"That's what I was trying to say!" exclaimed Miss De Korus.

"I know, Nancy, but it wouldn't have done you any more good than it did Miss Know-it-all."

"He teacher smilled at her biandly and said:

"Quite right! Quite right!"

"Miss Know-it-all was so primmed up with was strain.

"Quite right! Quite right!"
Miss Know-it-all was so primmed up with
majestic pride for a minute that she was a truly
beautiful and uplifting sight to see, but the teacher wasn't through with her.

"Quite right!" she said. 'But what is the subject in this sentence?'

"The jury,' chirped Miss Know-it-all.

"And is that singular or plural?' asked the

teacher.
"Plural!" said everybody in chorus.
"'Is it?" asked the teacher.
"'Well," said Miss Know-it-all, 'I don't know of anything much more plural than twelve men utless it might be twelve small boys.
"Everybody seemed to think this a choice bit of humor, and the teacher began to look a little bit surerland. or humor, and the teacher began to more antice bit surprised.

Of course, 'she said, 'there are twelve men in a jury. There are also, probably, more than twelve pieces of wood in this table. Yet, you wouldn't think of calling a table plural and say-ing "the table are in the middle of the room."

What did they say to that?" asked Miss De

"What did they say to that?" asked Miss De Korus, thoughtfully,
"Well, they didn't say anything for a minute, and then Miss Know-it-ali recovered herself.
"There's a big difference between a stick of wood and a man, she said with another toss of hor head.
"Not always, 'drawled the irrelevant woman a cold, its begave the irrelevant woman a cold, disapproving glance and remarked that a jury was composed of—now, wait a minute! let me think! oh, yes, I know; 'twelve sentient, responsible entities;' while a table was 'an involuntary aggregation of unthinking atoms."
"Mercy!" said Miss De Korus.
"Yes, wasn't that just great? I don't know whether it means anything or not but it created a tremendous sensation. Everybody looked trium phantly at the teacher as if defying her to dispose of that; so there!"

distance of that; so there!"
"I wouldn't have liked to be in her place!"
"Nor I! But she didn't seem to mind it at all.
She just smiled a little, and said: "All atoms are unthinking and all aggregations of them involuntary."

are unthinking and all aggregations of them involuntary."

"And is that true?" asked Miss De Korus.

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Van Klevver, "but nobody was in a position to dispute it, so it went. Then the teacher went on to explain that jury was a collective noun—I think that i as it—and that the verb must be singular. Everything was quiet but they—perhaps I cught to say "she" there: do you think so, Nancy?"

"Sile? Who?"

cught to say 'she' there: do you think so, Nancy?"

"Sine? Who?"

"Sine? Who?"

"But everybody."

"But everybody isn't 'she."

"No, but everybody there was."

"Well, if you say 'she, 'l'i think you meant the teacher." said Miss De Korus, with the air of washing her hands of the whole think.

"Itow would you know I didn't mean Miss Linew.thail?"

"Woll, I wouldn't."

"Or the irrelevant woman?"

"I don't suppose I would," hopelessly.

Mrs. Van Kievver reflected.

"Well, who did I mean, anyway?" she asked.

"Why, everybody, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but what was I saying about them?"

"You'll have to say 'shout her' if you're going to say 'she," said Miss De Korus, with evident satisfaction.

"I suppose I will," sighed Mrs. Van Klevver.

"What was I saying about her, then?"

"I haven't the remotest idea!"

"Who?"

"Oh, dear! Now 'l'i have to begin all over sgain. At any rate, after the teacher had made liss Know-it-all understand that she was no "Who?"

"Why, Miss Know-it-all. That she was no match for her —" "Who?"

the teacher, of course. Everybody one another -t think that sounds right," murmured

"I don't think that sounds right," murmured Miss De Korus.

"— Everybody looked at one another," repeated Mrs. Van Klevver, firmly.

"I tou say 'she' for 'everybody,'" interprived Miss De Korus, "are you going to say 'she looked at one another?"

"Don't interrupt, Nancy! You mix me up."

"I couldn't mix you up any worse than you do me with your 'she's 'and 'her's."

"Well, I'll start again. Oh, I know how to do it! The teacher said that when we were puzgled about pronouns we ought to talk in short sentences. Pil try it. The teacher squelched Miss know-it-all. Everybody was silent for a minute. There was a girl in the front row. She wore glasses and hooked intelligent. Don't you interrupt! She put up her hand. (There was a rip in the thumb of her glove, too.) The teacher said: Speas." or words to inat effect. She said:

"Suppose that, when the jury renders its decision, it is found that they have disagreed. Are

you going to say that "it has disagreed?" And, if you say that, and any one asks you with what it has disagreed, will you say that it has disagreed with itself? Wasn't that a poser, Nancy?"
"It would be for me. What did the teacher say to it?"
"I think abe said that when the jury agreed it.

"It would be for ms. What did the teacher say to it?"

"I think she said that when the jury agreed it was singular, and when it disagreed it was singular, and when it disagreed it was plural. At any rate, the woman next to me turned around and whispered, Humph! That sounds rather fishy to me!" and Miss Know-it-all pursed her lips as if she could just say a thing or two if she didn't regard the matter as beneath her notice. Then the girl with the glasses wanted to know if the Grammar Club was singular or plural, and the teacher answered, with a sort of a one-sided smile, that it was unquestionably singular.

"Well, chirped Miss Know-it-ail, returning to the charge, then are we to understand that you put us in the list as another aggregation of unthinking atoms?"

"You seem to like that phrase, said the teacher. I suppose, strictly speaking, we are all aggregations of unthinking atoms?"

"You seem to like that phrase, said the teacher. I suppose, atrictly speaking, we are all aggregations of unthinking atoms; but that hasn't anything to do with collective nouns."

"Well, i'd like to know why it don't, declared Miss Know-it-ail.

"You mustn't say "it don't," said the teacher. You should say "It doesn't, "if you don't." That is permissible; but you cannot say "it don't."

"The teacher looked worn out. She put her hand up to her forchead and studied the women for a moment, and then she said that she would write out some simple rules on the blackboard, and that the members could copy them.

"Would you say, chirped Miss Know-it-ail, 'that the club can copy them and take them home with it?"

"Not at all, 'said the teacher.

"Would you say, chirped Miss Know-it-ail, 'that the club can copy them and take them home with it?"

"Well, for various reasons, chief of which is that I have sense enough to know that it would be wrong and to understand the reason why."

"When? exclaimed Miss De Korus. "Why, she's almost as bad as you were to the Parlie Pracke."

"Bad!" said Mrs. Van Klevver. "We are angela, both of us. If there is

A MEAN REVENOR.

How One Gentleman Got Even with Another Against Whom He Held a Grudge.

This time the drummer was a travelling salesman for a large drug firm to Philadelphia and he was, as he put it, merely knocking around New York to see if his goods were s

drug in the market or not.
"The meanest, low-down kind of revenge I ever heard of one man taking on another." he was saying when the conversation had got around to the anecdotal stage, "was told me the other day. I won't mention names of persons or places, for the parties are still living, but a dozen years ago there was hurled at the great American public through the newspapers from every dead wall in the city and every fence and barnside in the country, in militons of pamphlets and pictures, and by every means known to the skilled advertiser with unlimited capital, the name and virtues of a medicine that would cure all the fils that flesh is heir to, and this valuable truth was heralded forth with all painful and realistic details until it actually made the reader feel as if he needed some of the cure-all as soon as he could get to it.

"In some sections of the country the landscape was alive with the glittering and glaring advertising of this wonderful medicament, and in one particular city and State it seemed as if every available inch of unoccupied territory was covered with notices of it. Bluger, too, than the name of this medicine was the name of this Napoleon of Public Benefactors. this Healer of Mankind, the great discoverer. and Blank's Whatever-it-was was far more in evidence as Blank's than as Whatever-it-was.

"In the mean time one man in the city referred to above was gnashing his teeth and pulling his hair out by the follicles and another man was laughing his lungs out. And why? Because one was the revenger and the other was the revengee.

"And the nub of it is herein. Blank was a wealthy man in the city of Nameless where the ads. showed up the thickest, and he was ultra swell and un-American and looked down upon earned wealth as compared with the inherited kind-he being an inheritor. He snubbed most of his fellow citizens when he had the chance, but he was particularly ready to lown the man who was the architect of his own fortunes. He who made money was too atterly vulgar for anything. Across the street from him lived one of the kind he disiked so heartily, and this men was a millionairs and a gentleman. He had made every cent he possessed, and made it honestly, and a snob was one of the objects in life he was gunning for perpetually.

"And Hiank was one he had it in for more than all the others, for Biank he had with him

one of the objects in life he was gunning for perpetually.

"And Blank was one he had it is for more than all the others, for Blank he had with him always. He didn't know just how he was going to obtain his object in life, but he waited and trusted in Providence, and one day it came to him in the shape of a formula offered to him by a prominent physician who recommended it as very nearly an infallible remedy in certain cases. He listened quietly, said nothing, took the formula, made up his mind and one Sunday morning every Sunday newspaper in the city of Nameless and in all the cities in the United States fairly blossomed with the circue-bill posters of Blank's Wonderful Whatever-it-was, and Blank woke up to find himself famous. He tore the carpets up in his vain pawings to assuage his wrath, out that did no good, for before the week was out there wasn't a epot on earth within reach of Blank's eye that didn't carry the hateful thing to glare at him and make his life a mockery and a bitterness.

"His was a proud name to be thus dragged

eye that didn't carry the hateful thing to glare at him and make his life a mockery and a bitterness.

"His was a proud name to be thus dragged through the mire of vulgar printers' ink, but he had no recourse, for the other man had found another Blank, one who wasn't so aristocratic and was willing to sell his good name at a fair price to decorate a patent medicine. It was the same name, yet in law it wasn't, and Blank couldn't do one earthly thing except groan in spirit and curse the day that the man across the street had been born. Once he threatened to challenge his termentor, but on second thought concluded that would further advertise himself and the medicine, so estited down finally to accepting the situation and preserving a dignified silence, which he has done to this day.

"Now, just to show how Providence is always on the side of the right," concluded the drummer, "I may say that the man who risked his money to make Blank's name a burden to him, made haif a million dollars out of the patent medicine, and to aid somewhat to the romancy of it, he gave \$25,000 of his earnings to a widowed sister of Blank, who had several children dependent upon her and had but a small income."

Paris, Jan. 4.-The refusal of the English administration to allow Egypt to take part in the French exhibition of 1900 has excited a good deal of resentment both in France and in Egypt, and at Cairo a committee is to be formed under the auspices of a number of leading Egyptians with a view to a private participation of Egyptian exhibitors. It is reported that Lord Cromer even went so far as to employ threats to the Egyptian Government to force them to decline the invitation from the French Government, which had been sent through M. Cogordan, the French diplomatic representative at Cairo. The rivalry between the French and English influence in Egypt is nearly as acute as it was when M. Camille Barrère was recalled at the request of the Foreign Office in London, and sent to Stockholm for a brief period before being appointed Minister to the Bavarian Court at Munich. The judgment of the Court of Appeal at Alexandria requiring England to refund peal at Alexandria requiring England to refund the half million sterling taken for the expenses of the Soudan expedition is looked on among the Egyptians as a distinct check for the English administration, and Lord Cromer's action in the matter of the French expedition is represented as an attempt to show the Egyptians that England is still their master. In certain quarters there is a disposition to return to a more open acknowledgment of the sizerainty of the Sultan. This, of course, meets with the approval and encouragement of the Ottoman Imperial Commissioner, and is not discountenanced by the French.

and encouragement of the Orionnan imperial the French.

The Russian Government having decided to maintain a stationnaire in the southern part of the Red Sea, the cruiser Zoporometz has taken up the station at Dilbouti, the French settlement on the coast, opposite the Island of Perim at the southern entrance of the Red Sea. It is said to be the intention of the Russian Government to keep a certain number of vessels in African waters wherever vessels of other European powers are assembled. They will avail themselves of the French coaling and victualing stations by preference wherever practicable, and in a general way act in concert with the French naval forces.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED. HAIRHEALTH Year fails to receiv youth.

HAIR HAIR. Use OR HATS HAIR HALF LATE
COPPEN BALD STORE. Stope dandy uf, half
failing, conjp diseases. Den tentis atin. Absolutely harmines
got HAIR GROWER dressing. Large bettles by cta., at druggiste.

WOMAN'S AFTERNOON NAP.

MITH OFTEN PURSUED, BUT SEL-DOM CAUGHT AND TAMED. Is Once I the Traditions of Wamen, but Is Not Often Met With In Beal Life-

Effect of a Nap If a Woman Could Only Take It-Experience of One Woman Women have their traditions, One of them is the afternoon nap. This myth is an elusive, will o' the wisp sort of thing. Women are always on the point of capturing and domesticating it, but it almost invariably gets away. Still they keep on talking about it. They say "my afternoon nap" as lif they owned and it could take it out daily and enjoy it. But that

ocasionally they own up to the truth. Women haven't so great a prejudice against truth as they are discredited with having. Once in while they like to surprise themselves with an absolute truth. They like novel sensations. But then, when they tell the truth, they tell so much of it, and so fall into error; and repent the day.

But, of course, this does not apply to the afternoon nap. At least, not always. however, a woman tells a friend, in a burst of conversation, that she is always chested out of her afternoon nap; that some one calls, or the plumber comes, or she has letters to be written. or something! and then, the next time the friend comes, has her sent away on account of being deep in the afternoon nap, she may as well make up her mind to trouble. The only way to do is to advertise to your friends a theory that your map is inviolable. In that way it may

become a reality as well as a theory.

It would be rather interesting to know how many women celebrated Resolution Day with the following determination:

"This year I mean to have my afternoon nap regularly, no matter what happens!" After obtaining statistics on this point it would be amusing to know in how many cases this resolve has been realized. It would be like the proverbial step from the sublime to the ridiculous, only in this case it would be to the pathetic. Women who have a regular afternoon parietic, women who have seen ghosts.
You are always hearing about them. Your friend knows some one whose mother has a half hour doze every day. Your husband's grandmother took a fifteen-minute nap every day of her life. That was the secret of her extraordinary state of preservation in good looks and good temper. The belaness of his auggestion makes you do anything but revere the memory of your husband's grandmother.

ecstatically how a famous dame of fashion regards her afternoon map as sacred. It says that the divinity that doth hedge a king is flimey fancy compared with that which surrounds this society woman when she has an appointment with her afternoon nap. But that is the way it goes. You are always hearing about ghosts and reading of haunted houses. But nothing any more supernatural than lobster salad ever troubles your own slumbers. The houses you live in are never haunted by anything except rate and Croton water bugs. And the afternoon nappers are just as hard to locate. There are none of them in your own immediate, living family or connections. They

The "woman's page" of some paper relates

have either died off-always, so you are told, at a good old age-or they live where you cannot go to verify the reports of their slumbers.

No one denies that the afternoon map is a good thing. Some people go into statistics and say that "so many afternoon naps of fifteen minutes each will add a year to one's life." Of course, no one will be able either to prove this or dispute it until some one succeeds in living two simultaneous lives, with and without naps. certainly adds comfort and health to it, and no

The history of the afternoon nan is something like this: MONDAY-Mrs. Busy, who lives in a New York fist and has a cook, two children, and a husband putting them in the order of their relative importance) thinks that she will make it a point to take a nap every day this week. Her husband is down town at business. The ten-year-old boy Harry is at school; he will be home at 2:30. The six-year-old boy can perhaps be confined in the dining room, where the cook can keep an eye on him. The cook is informed of this plan and says that it will be all right.

regular institution of her daily existence.

"And, Susan, you won't disturb me on any consideration, you understand." Susan says she understands "pairfect," Mrs. Busy goes to her room. It is next to the dining room. She closes the door, lies down with a sigh of relief, and composes herself for slumber. How simple a thing after all, this taking an afternoon nap! Just say you will do it andthud! followed by a howl from the dining room. She is on her feet with a bound and inside of the have had a chance to succumb to the laws of gravitation. The six-year-old has climbed on the table in order to make a speech and has pair the damages than it did to fall off the table. and the ten-year-old comes storming in before

peace is restored. Well-to-morrow. .
TUESDAY-The same conditions; cook, children, and husband similarly distributed. This time the six-year-old receives an upnecessary warning against mounting tables. The cook again understands. Once more Mrs. Busy lies down with a sigh of relief, a little less confident to-day. No thud. No howl. It is encouraging. Still, she never had supposed the walls were so thin. She can hear Susan in the kitchen:

I'm a huntin' for dat bully An' be mus' be foun'.

If she can hear Susan, who is in the kitchen o plainly as that, it does seem strange to her that she can't hear anything at all from the depar-old who is in the next room. She lifts her head from the pillow; strains her ears. Not a sound! How silly of hea, anyway! Still it certainly is a trifle queer. If she could only hear him moving about or talking to Susan. She tries to think what particular opportunities for mischlef the dining room affords. As she goes over them in her mind, they seem to be unlimited. Oh, well; why prolong the description? She finally steals to the door, opens it a crack, and finds that the 6-year-old has appropriated the only afternoon map in the flat. He is stretched out on the floor with his head on a rug furnished by Susan, who amounces in a 16-horse-power whisper that she has sung the little angel to sleep.

WEDNESDAY—Conclutions are chauged. Mrs. Busy, profiting by the experience of the day before, buts the 6-year-old into his own little bed with injunctions to repeat the nap of the day before. She indulges herself in the dream that she can entice two afternoon maps into her household that day. The 6-year-old's room opens from hers. He has insisted that the door be left open.

Are you there, mamma?" 3-year-old who is in the next room. She lifts

"Are you there, mamms?"
"Yes. Be quiet now and go to sleep."
"Sinali I say my prarers first?"

"No."
"But I always say them before I go to sleep,"
"Oh, very well; you may say them."
"But you must come and hear ma."
In order to save time, Mrs. Busy superintends e devotions.

'Mamma," after she is in her own room; "you "Mamma," after she is in her own room; "you member what you told me "bout isgniappe?" emember what you told me

"Yes."
"Well, if I say my prayers again to-night, hen the ones I said just now are 'lagniappe' for oil, ain't they?"
No reply.

No reply.
"Ain't they, mamma ;"
"I suppose so, dear. Now go to sleep." A pause. "Mamma."

No response.
"Mamma !" rather louder.
"Hush, dear!"
"Hut, mamma," in a loud whisper, "I forgot tell you something."
"Well, what is it?" "There was a lady here this morning are you listening, mamma?"

"Yes."
"Can't I come out to your bed and tell you?
I can't talk to you 'way off in here."
I can't talk to you 'way off in here."
"I wish you couldn't:" groans Mrs. Busy.
"Stay whore you are."
"Well, may I bring the letter the lady left?
I forget to give it to you before."
"What letter?"
"What letter?"
And then the devear old jumps out of hed and

"What letter?"

And then the 6-year-old jumps out of bed and skurries off after a note which Mrs. Busy's most intimate friend had left that morning, asking Mrs. B. to meet her at 2:30 o'clock, down town, and help her buy a hat. By dint of a good deal of hurrying, Mrs. Busy meets the appointment, and the afternoon nap tarries not at her door that day.

and the afternoon nap tarries not at her acceptant day.

Thiraspay—Susan, the jewel! takes the 6-year-old to the rear of the flat with her and Mrs. Busy goes to the little front hall room and puts cotton in her ears. She grows more and more drowsy; she knows by the way her lower jaw feels that sleep is not far off; it oyertakes her, or she it; she doesn't know which. In fact she doesn't know anything at all. The afternoon

nap has begun! She does not hear that deprecating knock at the door. She is deaf to its repetition and to the apologetic, "Please, ma'am' which acrompanies it. It is only when Susan.—Susan, who understood "perfect" that her mistress was not to be disturbed under any circumstance—puts her head in at the door and ejaculates an undentable "Please, ma'am," that Mrs. Busy returns to conscionences.

"What is it, Susan?" blinking painfully at the stricken cook.

"Shure, ma'am, an' it's a pity to dishturb ye and ye a-havin' sich a fine slape, but, ma'am, he says as he's sloh an ould frind an' as how he's lavin' the morrow for Europe, an' will ye think o' that in the middle o' winter!" and she lays a card in Mrs. Busy's hands.

It bears a name which make her sleepy eyes pop suddenly wide open. It might have been ingrown name if—she is aiready up and putting her dress and hair to rights, so that she cango in to meet her old sweetheart. Which she does, in fact, with pink cotton, such as the French wear on Sundays, peeping from her ears.

FRIDAT—She lunches with a friend and goes to a concert thereafter.

SATURDAY—Harry, the 10-year-old, is at home. After luncheon he plays "the Mowgli books" with his small brother, taking all the leading roles, from Mowgli himself to the tiger. He allows the 6-year-old, however, to play the part of the tiger when it becomes necessary that he, Mowgli books" necessitates much roaring and other roverberating noises, but she hasn't the heart to put a quietus on the outcry. The lot of children in a city is barren enoughat beat. Mrs. Busy always thinks of the small boy who, when some one asked cheerfully if he had been playing out doors all that fine weather, remarked wistfully:

"No, but we had the window open Tuesday."

So, amid the cries of Mowgli, the whining of the jackal, the roars of the tiger, and the hissing of the serpent, Mrs. Busy's Saturday nap took to itself wings. As for Sunday—well, Mr. Busy is at home Sunday.

WOMAN AS A VOTER.

Bishop Boane's Opinion That She Is Un-

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Str : Bishor Doane and I have been attacked several times by prominent suffragists. Regarding the personal attack, I do not care at all; and anyone who knows Bishop Doans would feel that he pays no more attention to it than the mastiff pays to the enarling of the terrier. But there are such wrong impressions con

veyed that may influence your many readers

that I feel it my duty to notice those portions of the several articles that bear directly on suffrage. In the first place Bishop Doane is accused of being "eingularly inaccurate and misleading" in his article in the North American Review of November. The first protect is against the Bishop's statement regarding the so-called ref-erendum in Massachusetts one year ago. The Bishop's statistics were taken from the public press, and also from a statement of facts made over the signatures of the Hon. Francis C. Low ell and the Hon. Charles R. Saunders of Boston, and is to this effect, that Massachusetts de clined woman suffrage by 95 per cent. in a popular vote. Let us be perfectly fair in the matter and take your correspondent's figures. She says that the number of men qualified to vote was \$61,699. That there were at least \$75,000 women who could have voted. This makes total of 1,136,699. Out of this number, she says, 109,204 voted for woman suffrage, or rather voted that they thought it expedient to grant suffrage to women, for that was the word-ing of the referendum. There were then, according to your correspondent, 1,027,495 persons who did not vote for woman suffrage. There has never been a doubt in the mind of any one but that a full suffrage vote was cast, as the leaders made a desperate effort to secure every vote possible, in order to verify their statement to the previous Legislature that equal suffrage was desired by the majority of the men and women of Massachusetts. It was an ignoble failure! And if 1,027,495 people who did not vote for suffrage is not 95 per cent. of 1,-136,690, who could have voted for it, it is so nearly it as not to be classed by your correspondent as "reckless." An interesting fact is this, that on this referendum vote in Massachusetts, which was held Nov. 5, 1895, only 6,541 women of Boston voted for woman suffrage, while a month later 9,049 women of Bostor voted for School Committee. It is well to remember in connection with this that the census

sink, take on this referenced one worker by women of Proton vected for Section Vected for Section Vected for Section Committee. It is seal to revenue on the proton of the section of the

MRS. MARK HANNA AT HOME AFTERNOON SCENES AT WINDER.

MERE ON A QUIET DAY.

A House Where There Is Always Life and Where the Hostess Is the Delight of All Vistors-Persons Who Have Left Their Signatures in the Visitors' Book. A call at Windermere, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mark A. Hanna, from the time the carriage wheels leave the beaten road of the Lake avenue drive, four miles west of Cleveland, and you are whirled between the tall stone columns which mark the gateway to the park, and the horses clatter down the winding gravel drive-way past great forest trees, a frozen stream and rolling lawns to the broad steps leading to the veranda, and the solemn-faced butler who pens the door takes your card and says that Mrs. Hanna is at home, until the door closes

liar interest and pleasure. While you are ushered into the wide reception half to await your hostess you see that the house itself is a marvel of simple elegance. The hall extends the entire length of the house from the entrance at the front to a wide columned porch looking out toward the lake, where a little round summer house is built close to the line of the cliff which falls perpendicularly away to the edge of the water far below. After you glance through the windows at the panorama of shifting clouds and frozen waves of Lake Erie, your eye comes back to the details of the warm interior. The house forms a background for the mistress of Windermere, and it is with a sense of gratification that one sees the appointments of this house.

after you and it is all a memory, is one of pecu-

The cellings of the hall are girdered with oak, the panels between covered with red and buff leather. The casings and floors are of oak, polished until fit shines like mirror. The floors are partly covered with an immense dark blue Bokhara rug at one end, while at the other two columns, a pair of undrawn curtains, and a smaller Oriental rug suggest but do not separate a space where one can have a quiet little chat away from intrusion.

An ebony seat heaped with pillows, a tail mahogany clock, several tables, and many wide, low, upholstered chairs fill the main hall but it is not on these that the eye rests. At the right of the hall is the large drawing room seen through a wide archway. At the left the library is seen, and on beyond a hall from which the stairs lead behind a wall of Moorish fretwork is the dining room. The reception hall is the place where most of the casual visitors are received, and is the most attractive spot, with perhaps the exception of the dining room. On the walls are almost innumerable etchings of different sizes and shapes framed in oak. An original pen and ink drawing of a cartoon of Mr. McKinley hangs framed near a table covered with books, and a transparent picture of the President-elect hangs in one of the windows. Tall paims are placed in different parts of the hall, standing in huge majolica or celladon jarhall, standing in huse majolica or celladon jardinières. A banquet lamp of crystal, with an
enormous umbreila shade, stands on a table at
the entrance to the drawing room, and two Venetian lanterns and wrought-iron chandellers
with cut glass globes suggest soft lights when
the ann goes down. A tea table holding a goldband china service and an old silver uro, a low
Turkish table of iniaid ivory, deep window
seats in the alcoves, covered with pillows, dainty white-rumed curtains, and high-backed
chairs are arranged with a careful carelessness
as artistic as it is characteristic of Mrs. Hanna.
And Mrs. Hanna? As she comes toward you
with an outstretched hand and a smile of welcome she is as simple and unostentations as a
girl. Her manner is plessing, and you hardly
take time to notice more than that she is unusually tail and carries herself well. In consequence of an accident two years ago by which
her hip was broken, she limps slightly, and
walks for the present with a cane. Her hair is
quite white, and is worn back from her forchead
d la Pompadour, but it is her eyes that hold
your attention, and their brown depths show an
intelligence that has come by a life of study and
refinement as well as by inheritances. Her face
is full and round, her complexion soft and bink,
and her features clearly out.
Of course there are other guests. There always are. You always meet people there, but
on this particular day Mr. and Mrs. McKinley
were about to terminate their visit of several
days. Mrs. Hanna's mother, Mrs. D. P. Rhoades, dintères. A banquet lamp of crystal, with an



ON THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

BROWN. I say, Barnes, those things you gave me are a great scheme.

You mean the Ripans Tabules? BARNES.

Yes. When I went on the Exchange last Friday the bear crowd were knocking the stuffing out of Burlington & Quincy and I was long of it. That gone feeling in the pit of my stomach that I guess you know about took strong possession of me. I remembered the story of the old gentleman who always took a Tabule when he found himself losing it his temper, so I swallowed one then and there.

BARNES. Did it cure you?

Brown. Indeed it did. I was all right in ten minutes. Always before on such occasions I have had a headache and a tired feeling to take home with me. One Gives Relief.

always tried to be ready, although I did not know whether I had to be ready for six or ten or more people."

"But these impromptu affairs have been only a small part of your entertaining?"

"Weil, before the days of telephones it was no small matter," she laughed: "but we were able to manage."

"You have entertained in that way so many distinguished people you must have formed some leasting friendships," a girl sitting beyond her said. Mrs. Hanna turned and said:

"Have you never seen my guest book? I have some of the names of people we really delightin, who have visited us."

Then all were allowed to see that book, which has no inconsiderable fame of its own. It is a thick book, in black board binding which has done duty for twenty years, in which are inscribed the names of hundreds famous asstatesmen, politicians, anthors, actors, artists, musicians, men of affairs, and society leaders. "Henry Irving" and "Sarah Bernbardt" catch the eye near the signatures of James A. Garfield, and Joseph Jefferson, l'aderewski, and Garret A. Hobart and Chauncey Depew have left their autographs. Major Mckinley and Mrs. Mckinley and John Sherman have written their names in the book. Pages after pages of names celebrated in the professions and in Government and society show what a great number of sequaintances Mrs. Hanna has in all parts of two conthents.

"You have certainly here at Windermers the merican salon," a gushing girl said, with an admiring look at the pages.

"Oh, thank you," Mrs. Hanna said with a slight blush of real pleasure, "but I have been able to do it because I have had such able assistance." And she told of John, the tall butler, who took the entire charge of the dining room for many years with but a slight supervision from her. John has not been with the Hanna recently, but he has a successor.

"I do it all because I lave had such able assistance." And she told of John, the tall butler, who took the entire charge of the dining room for many years with but a slight supervision from her. John has not been wi

FOR CHAPLAIN, MISS BRANDT.

She May Pray with the Kanone Senate-Her Interesting Career. It is not unlikely that the coming sessions of the Kansas Senate will be opened by a woman chaplain. The Rev. Frances E. Brandfof Walnat, Crawford county, is a candidate for the office of chaplain, and the Kansas City Times says that her chances for receiving the appointment are most favorable. If she is successful her name will be written in Kansas history as the State Legislature's first woman chaplain. Some people have an idea that successful doctors and preachers are an unpractical lot when it comes to managing the money that the make. This can't be said of Preacher Brandt. She knows as well how to turn a penny into a She knows as well how to turn a penny into a dollar as she does how to turn a text into a sermon. She was born on a farm in Huron county. Ohio, thirty-seven years ago. After receiving a common school education she took a course at Lombard University in Gaiesburg. She did not rush into the ministry then on a wave of religious enthusiasm, as so many young men do, but taught school, investing her money in boom property, which yielded her fine profits.

Twelve years ago, when Miss Brandt was 25, her family moved to Kansas, and settled in Crawford county, where she purchased a valuable farm. The farm comprises 2,500 acres, and her father superintends it. During the first year of her residence in Kansas she became interested in theology, and in a short while she joined the Universalist Church. Then she took to preaching, and has been hard at it for six years. She lately resigned the pastorate of the Univerversalist Church at Hutchinson, having preached there two years.

This Western divine, with her charming conversational and oratorical powers, may turn up in New York. She said in a recent interview:

"For a long time I've been interested in an institutional church, an organization which provides practical benefits with religion, teaching young people helpful employments, and taking care of unprotected children. At some time I hope to become identified with a movement of this sort in one of the larger cities. If I have one specialty it is in influencing small boys. I've had splendid success in mending the ways of boys who had no mothers to prevent them from going wrong, or else had mothers they could have done better without." dollar as she does how to turn a text into a ser-

A Paparame to the Mky.

From the Chicago Times Herald. INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 12.—A remarkable mirage was witnessed at Marion, this State, last evening, shortly before sonset. First there were visible the outlines of a village, and this gave way to a mountain scene, which "down casters" said was suggestive of patches of the Green Mountains. raid was suggestive of patches of the Green Mountains.

Then followed the picture of a farm house, in front of it a grove, back of it a barn, and back of the barn a straw stack. This rustic scene fasied, and in its place there appeared a range of mountains with the radiations sharply defined.

The celestial canvas shifted again, and this time showed an inverted lake, with islands covered with almost tropical verdure, and with what appeared to be small houts sailing here and there. Darkness put an end to the panorama.

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ARROWNEADS THAT SHOW SCIENCE, Offfort Thinks They Prove That the In-

diane Knew the Principle of Riding. The Gilfort brothers, retired acrobats, of Os. ange, have the largest and probably the finest private collection of prehistoric weapons in this country. Of stone arrow points alone they have more than 8,000 from all parts of the world, and these range in length from three-eighths of an inch to three and one-half inches. They have thousands of the little gem arrow points from Oregon and a few of pure crystal quarts from different parts of North and South America. They have made a study of arrow points, and one day last week Robert Gilfort remarked

"Those prehistoric races knew more than we suspected. Here is an instance of it. I have in my collection six or seven spiral arrow points which I regard as the origin of the principle applied to guns early in the present cen-tury. I mean rifling. Here is one of the best examples of it," and he displayed an arrow point of bluish white chalcedony which had fully one-fifth of a whole turn in its length of 214 inches. It was beautifully wrought, and is

fully one-fifth of a whole turn in its length of 214 inches. It was beautifully wrought, and it was quite evident that its form could not be the result of accident. Dropped point down in water, it would make one complete revolution in about thirty inches. The point and wings were cut at about the same angle as the blades of a propeller, and the same angle as the blades of a propeller, and the shaft carried out the same spiral. Mr. Gilfort picked out six other arrow points chipped from different kinds of stone in the same manner and asked:

"Can this be the result of accident? I do not believe it is, and the spiral feathering of arrows by some of our Indian tribes shows that the principle of a rotating missile is understood by savages. An arrow pointed with one of these spiral stone heads would surely rotate in the air, and necessarily would take a flatter and truer course toward the mark."

The Gilforts have been collecting curiosities in their travels with various shows for many years, and their chief aim has been to get a sample of the adornment of every horned animal in the world. In their place at the correct of Main and Essex streets they have perhaps the greatest collection of antiers and horns ever seen in this country, and those not displayed on the walls there are stowed away in their storehouse back of their pretty home. The collection shows a great many freak antiers and there are several sets of locked antiers giving evidence of fights to the death between stags. In one of these sets the spike of cashuck penetrates the skull of the other, and the worn side of the plerced head shows how the survivor dragged his dead foe over the ground until he starved to death.

In the unused rear hallway of the building, one antiges of the American deer are so arranged on the walls, steps, and staircase that it would be impossible for even a thin man to pass between them, and the room back of the hall is adorned with the weapons of nearly every savage race.

One of the Gilforts most cherished trophies

overy savage race.

One of the Gilforts' most cherished trophies is a colled rattlesnake petrified, so that the head and eyes show plainly on top of the coil and the rattles can be distinguished underneath. This circular mass of stone weighs about thirty-five pounds, and is presumably a natural cast of the original reptile. HOW JOE SENT WORD.

An Obliging Duck That Gave Ite Life to Fetch a Runaway's Message. From the Philadelphia Times. RINGGOLD, La., Jan. 6 .- Berry Hinson, living selow this place, down in the "piney woods region, is a hard-working, fairly prosperous armer. Five years ago the Hinsons were a ver happy family, consisting of Berry, his wife, and

region, is a hard-working, fairly prosperous farmer. Five years ago the Hinsons were a very happy family, consisting of Berry, his wife, and one son, Joe. About this time Joe, a steady, easy-going lad of its or 20, suddenly disappeared. All efforts to trace him were unavailing. Some said he had been drowned, others that he had been murdered, but the most diligent and faithful search failed to reveal his whereabouts.

It is worthy of note that while both parents grievously mourned his loss and used every means in their power to ascertain news of him, from the first Mrs. Hinson expressed a fum belief that the boy was alive and well and would one day come back home. During all the years that have passed she has persistently clung to her belief, though not one word came from Joe in the mean time.

Last November, during the latter part of the month. Herry and a narty of friends went and to lake Bistenesu duck hunting. Though ducks were plentiful and everybody else in the crossed killed great numbers of them. Hinson, usually a fine shot, played to hard luck, and when the last day of the hunt came hadn't bagged a bird. "If I were you I'd save my ammunition. Berry," said one of the party, seeing Hinson load up for a shot just as they were preparing to break camp and return home.

"Just this one for luck," was Berry's answer, as he pulled the trigger, and one lone duck dropped from his matas into the water.

"Let it alone, old fellow, it's only one, and wa've got enough to divide," said his friends, seeing Hinson in the boat ready to padde out for the duck.

"No," was the answer, "I'll get it and carry it home to the old woman just for luck."

The rest of the story sounds like fiction, but it is fact, nevertheless, and pretty interesting. Hinson captured his game, carried it home and that night when Mrs. Hinson was nicking the duck she found a small blue for luck."

The rest of the story sounds like fiction, but it is fact, nevertheless, and pretty interesting. Hinson captured his game, carried it home and that night wh

recreant Jos would be as good as his word so mirraculously given.

It is needless to say that if there were any doubting Thomases, Mrs. Hisson was not one of them. With true mother instinct she prepared the faited calf, so to speak, and, though Christmas eve came without Joe, she killed the liggest gobbler on the place and robbed the potato bank of its aweelest yours for the morrow's base. The end sounds tame, so true to story head tale is it, for when Christmas Day came, toesk tale is it, for when Christmas Day came, toesk diuner was ready to go on the table, in walked Joe, a big, bearded man now, but rejoiced to get home none the less.

He says he captured the duck on one of the Wisconsin lakes last summer, and while he wrote that note and tied it on the bird "just form," he has ever since had a vague feeling that his mother would receive the message and be expecting him.

Eight Thousand Kinds of Birds. It is said that of the 386,000 kinds of animal known to science, 8,000 only are birds, and these only 348 kinds are known to have beobserved within fifty miles of this city. There are relatively more birds than replies here abouts. Of the 5.170 reptiles catalogued. Call are enakes, and of these but seventeen kinds. are roakes, and of the are found in this city.